

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1918

By a peculiar monstrosity of the Swiss psyche, there was nevertheless an American press bureau established which sends its messages by code to the American Legation in Berne, and distributes all sorts of piquancy à la Barnum & Bailey, accompanied with drums and fifes.

Here is stated in a flourishing cablegram from the New World that over there every ten minutes a munition column is made

will show its effects like the German rain. Or might something else happen? Could the Central Powers take it upon themselves to stand the test and let the American schoolboy in the world war do his lesson? The future will decide this. For the present it would seem as if in place of the wisdom of the "great mind" at the borders of the Mississippi there had come a wave of intellect.

And as final apothecias: "Germany beaten!" a roll of drums, flourishing of trumpets. . . . "Why?" asks the astonished European. You have not to ask; you must believe. Faith transpires mountains.

Germany, trembling on account of these tirades and boasts, will immediately throw away her weapons and hide in some corner between the Alps and the Ural. This frightful war painting of military America will show its effects on the German ranks. Or might something else happen? Could the Central Powers take it upon themselves to stand the test and let the American schoolboy in the world war do his lesson?

The future will decide this. For the present, it would seem as if in place of the wisdom of the "great mind" at the borders of the Mississippi there had come a war of intent.